GOLDEN LIGHT

ZIYA GOKALP

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BOOKS

GOLDEN LIGHT

COMPILED BY ZİYA GÖKALP :

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TURKISH CLASSICS

FOLK TALES

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Golden Light
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ZİYA GÖKALP (1976–1924): ZİYA GÖKALP, ONE OF THE MOST IMPORTANT THINKERS OF THE TURKIC NATIONALIST MOVEMENT, WAS BORN IN DİYARBAKIR. HE STUDIED AT THE VETERINARY SCHOOL. HE BEGAN HIS POLITICAL STRUGGLE AT A YOUNG AGE. HE BECAME ONE OF THE IDEOLOGICAL LEADERS OF THE COMMITTEE OF UNION AND PROGRESS. AFTER THE OCCUPATION OF ISTANBUL, HE WAS EXILED TO THE ISLAND OF MALTA. HE SERVED AS A MEMBER OF PARLIAMENT IN THE SECOND TERM OF THE TURKISH GRAND NATIONAL ASSEMBLY. He died in Istanbul. Ziya Gökalp, who advocated nationalisation and modernisation in his poems and articles, was one of the sources of inspiration for the Republican Revolutions.

EDITOR

KEMAL BEK: He graduated from the Department of Turkish Language and Literature at the Faculty of Arts, Istanbul University, in 1972. He retired as a secondary school literature teacher. HE TAUGHT 'TURKISH LANGUAGE' AND 'TURKISH POETRY, SHORT STORIES AND NOVELS OF THE REPUBLICAN ERA' AT KOÇ UNIVERSITY, AND 'TURKISH LANGUAGE' AT MALTEPE UNIVERSITY. His short story 'KAMER' was translated into Greek in 1989. He began his literary career with a critique published in *Yelken* magazine in 1969; his work appeared in *Soyut, Fikir ve Sanatta Hareket, Edebiyat Cephes, Agora, Türk Dili Dergisi, Ludingirra Poetry Magazine, Long Live Literature, Varlık, Gösteri,* and *Cumhuriyet Kitap,* amongst others. In his literary criticism, Bek drew on the text itself and, from time to time, also made use of semiotic methods. He worked as an article writer and editor for encyclopaedias such as Meydan Larousse, Gelişim Hachette and Tema Larousse. As the editor of the Turkish Classics series at *Bordo Siyah* Publications, he was responsible for countless books. He prepared the complete works of Hüseyin Rahmi Gürpınar for publication. He authored *a guide to reading the life story and works of Yahya Kemal Beyatlı, complete with textual analyses,*

HE HAS AUTHORED THREE BOOKS: **FROM THE ORAL LITERATURE PERIOD TO THE TANZIMAT ERA*, *ANCIENT TURKISH LITERATURE*,* AND *FROM *NARRATIVE* TO *CRITICISM**.

COMPILED BY

MEHMET NURİ YARDIM: BORN ON 23 APRIL 1960 IN SİİRT. HE GRADUATED FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF TURKISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE, FACULTY OF LETTERS, ISTANBUL UNIVERSITY, IN 1985. He began his career in journalism in 1979, working for the newspapers Yeni Asya, Doğuş, Tercüman, Türkiye, Hürriyet, Zaman, Bizim Gazete, HABER FATİH, ORTADOĞU and YENİÇAĞ. After retiring from the press in 2001, he became Editor-in-Chief of the Kubbealtı Academy Journal. In 2005, he was named 'Writer of the Year' in the 'Biography' category by the Turkish Writers' Union. Together with a group of friends, he founded a culture and arts website called www.sanatalemi.net. In 2007, the website was selected by the Turkish Writers' Union as Turkey's "Most Successful Website" in the "Electronic Publishing" category. He served as editor of Hikmet Neşriyat's series of Turkish classics, comprising 30 books.

PROOFREADING

ESEN GÜRAY: BORN IN ISTANBUL IN 1961. HE GRADUATED FROM THE DEPARTMENT OF OLD TURKISH LANGUAGE AND LITERATURE AT ISTANBUL UNIVERSITY. HE HAS BEEN WORKING AS A PROOFREADER IN THE PUBLISHING SECTOR SINCE 1978. He worked for many years at *Gelişim Yayınları, Sabah Kitapları* and *Turgut* Yayıncılık. In addition to *Bordo Siyah,* he also works as a freelance proofreader for *İş-Kültür Yayınları* and *Cumhuriyet* Kitapları.

ZİYA GÖKALP

Ziya Gökalp, whose ideas were one of the greatest sources of inspiration for the establishment of the Republican ideal and the realisation of Atatürk's reforms, was born on 23 March 1876 in Diyarbakır. After completing his secondary education at the Mekteb-i Rüşdiye-i Askeriye (1886–1891), he enrolled at the Mekteb-i İdâdî-i Mülkî (civil secondary school) in 1886; however, as this five-year course was extended to seven years whilst he was in his final year – and final-year students were not granted the option to complete the course in five years – he left the school in 1894.

In 1895, he went to Istanbul; he gained entry to the Veterinary School through an entrance examination. However, he also needed to find a solution to his cultural crisis; consequently, under the influence of Dr Abdullah Cevdet, whom he had met at that time, he established links with secret societies working against the Abdülhamid regime; he began corresponding with the Young Turks who had fled to Paris. Whilst in his final year, he travelled to Diyarbakır on holiday. There, he was arrested on the grounds that he had read banned books and engaged in subversive activities (1898).

When the Second Constitutional Monarchy was proclaimed, he founded the Diyarbakır branch of the Committee of Union and Progress in 1908. In 1909, he launched the newspaper *Peymân* (Oath), and continued to publish his articles on political and cultural topics in both the *Diyârıbekir* newspaper and this publication. After a report he had prepared attracted attention, he was invited to the Committee of Union and Progress's congress in Thessaloniki in 1909 as the representative from Diyarbakır. In 1910, he was elected to the society's central executive committee. There, he met Yusuf Akçura, one of the intellectual leaders of the Turkish nationalist movement, and was deeply influenced by Akçura's views that 'the Turks in Russia were more alert than the Ottoman Turks; they had begun to fight for their national existence, whilst the Ottomans were asleep and needed to be awakened'; Meanwhile, he met the short-story writer Ömer Seyfeddin and Ali Cânib (Yöntem). This encounter was of immense significance, particularly in terms of the Turkification of the language. In 1911, together with Ömer Seyfeddin and Ali Cânib, he joined the editorial team of the magazine *Genç Kalemler* [1] and published articles there.

His works

Poetry: *Şaki İbrahim*, **The Epic of ** (1908), **The Red Apple** (1917), **New Life** (1918), **Golden Light** (1923). **Scientific works and essays:** *Lessons* in Sociology (1913), Sociology *of* Religion (1913), Sociology *of* Law (1914), Becoming Turkish, Becoming Islamic, Becoming Contemporary (1918), [2] *The Principles of Turkism* (1923).[3]

ALTIN IŞIK

Published in 1923, *The Golden Light* is a book in which Ziya Gökalp compiled and rewrote a selection of Turkish fairy tales, folk tales and epics.

Ziya Gökalp, who was also a prolific folklorist, turned his attention to works of folk literature in order to determine the linguistic and narrative characteristics of national literature—or, in other words, folk literature—in parallel with his efforts to re-establish a national Turkish ideology; to investigate whether anonymous folk poetry and tales could serve as a starting point for contemporary literature; and, furthermore, to experiment with using a form of Turkish free from foreign words and grammatical elements as a literary language. When the texts in the book are examined from this perspective, it becomes clear that, just as in Gökalp's poems, they serve two purposes:

Firstly, whilst rewriting folk tales, stories and epics, Gökalp reached conclusions by exploring national consciousness and adopted an instructive stance to convey these to the nation. At times directly, at times indirectly—in his own words, by seeking to identify the 'Turkish character' (its essence; its nature)—and, in a sense, by aiming to bridge the present and the distant past of the Turks, this was the result of his reaction to Ottoman thought.

Secondly, it was to demonstrate the potential of the Turkish vernacular and its strength in contrast to the literary and written language of the time. In this respect, his aim was perhaps the same as that of European folklorists, such as Andersen, who sought to rewrite folk tales. Unfortunately, however, this movement began far too late in our country; this, in turn, led to a delay in the process of nation-building.

The texts feature a pure, unadulterated spoken language. Given the disconnect between the standard written language of the period and the vernacular, as well as its artificiality, Gökalp's written

is simplification and the simplification of his and written language can be seen.

In the texts of **Altın Işık**, Gökalp has successfully put into practice what he set out in the essay entitled *'Turkishness in Language'* from his book **The Principles of Turkishness**.[4] For example, in these texts, he has avoided using Arabic and Persian words, phrases and other grammatical elements for which there are equivalents in Turkish; he has used the Istanbul dialect of the spoken language; he has expressed his ideas plainly, without embellishment, taking the shortest route; and in doing so, he has provided a masterful example of the 'pure language'.

THE GOLDEN LIGHT

KELOĞLAN

A poor father had three sons. He had sent his eldest son to school, scraping together every last penny; he intended to make him a scholar. He intended to leave his own shop to his youngest son. As for the middle son, there was nothing left to give him; he had not even given him a proper name. To emphasise his insignificance, he always called him ‘Keloğlan’. Thus, amongst the neighbours, his name remained ‘Keloğlan’.

Keloğlan began to earn his own living by the sweat of his brow when he was just seven years old. He took on many jobs, such as porter, coffee-shop assistant, cook’s apprentice and street vendor. He earned very little money. He lived through all manner of hardships un until he was twenty-two. Upon reaching this age, he became a fully-fledged man, confident in himself. He now wanted to take on great endeavours, earn renown and become a man of substance.

Keloğlan would occasionally attempt to recite poetry and compose heartfelt verses [1] . He wished to give wings to the emotions of his heart through these verses. One day, such a verse sprang from his heart:

There is no joy here, only sorrow and grief;
I long to reach a land of gold; My fortune
has not sought me out,
So let me wander and seek it out...

This verse left Keloğlan facing a decision he had made: to set out into exile! Somehow, whilst singing, he had made this decision without even realising it. Every evening, when he was alone, he would repeat the verses about this journey:

They say: Everyone has their lot in life, I
have not come across mine on this
earth... If it is not here, it must be
elsewhere; I shall go and seek it far
away.

The thought of travelling to distant lands in search of his fortune had flashed like a bolt of lightning through Keloğlan’s heart during the long, dark night of his life. One day,

he packed a bundle of clothes and some bread and cheese into his knapsack. He strapped the knapsack to his back. Like a pearl parting from its shell, he bid farewell to the city of his birth in the hope of finding his fortune elsewhere. On foot, he set off into exile.

It turned out there were other children, just like Keloğlan, who had set out in search of their fortune. On the first day of his journey, Keloğlan came across Orhan. On the second day he met Turhan, and on the third day Tarhan. Like Keloğlan, they were all little adventurers with their knapsacks slung over their shoulders. All four of these little vagabonds, aged between ten and twelve, became friends. They had no idea where they were going. Nor had they any idea what they would do once they arrived. But their hearts were filled with hopes that smiled at them from afar. It was as if a secret promise had been made to their souls that one day they would achieve their desires. In their tiny souls lay an unshakeable faith. Like the heroes of old, they trusted in their fate; they took a manly pleasure in throwing themselves into danger.

Keloğlan and his friends crossed towering mountains and forded raging rivers; finally, at the point where a vast river met a desolate desert, they entered a green valley. Here, they saw a tower of somaki[2] marble, whose summit reached the clouds. On the eastern side of the tower were treasure chambers carved from the same kind of marble. Keloğlan said, ‘We can try our luck here.’ The travelling children approached the tower with great joy. When they reached the foot of the tower, they saw a giant’s wife sewing under a mighty tree. As she had her back turned towards the path, she could not see the children; but the children could see her head, as big as a cauldron, her breasts
and her body, which was as thick as a rampart. The giant’s wife had placed her right breast over her left shoulder and her left breast over her right shoulder. Keloğlan said to his friends, ‘Let’s all suckle the giantess’s breast. If we suckle her, we’ll become her sons, so she won’t be able to eat us so easily—unless she’s very hungry!” They all tiptoed over to the giantess. Two of them clung to her right breast and two to her left, drinking their fill as if from the spout of Sütpınar.

According to the law of the giants, anyone who suckled a giantess’s breast would become her foster child, and she could no longer eat them. When the giantess turned her head, she saw the four children suckling her breasts.

The giantess said: “You have all become my children. I can no longer harm you. Stay as my guests tonight; you may continue on your way tomorrow.”

Keloğlan: “Very well, Auntie, we’ll be your guests tonight. Besides, when my mother was dying, she made me a promise. She asked me to come here and see her sister once I’d grown a little. So here I am, with my friends, to see you.”

The giant’s wife wanted to outwit Keloğlan’s trick. Her plan was, after putting them to sleep that night, to ignore the ancient customs of the giants and devour them all. But she felt ashamed to eat the children whilst they were still awake. Keloğlan had sensed what the giant’s wife was thinking. So he decided to stay awake. When evening came, he cut his finger with his knife and filled the wound with salt. He said to himself, “Now that it’s night, sleep will not come to my eyes.” The giant’s wife treated the children to a feast of their favourite dishes. After the meal, she showed them to the bedroom and withdrew. The children got into bed. Only Keloğlan did not fall asleep; his friends fell asleep straight away.

Half an hour later, the giant’s wife came to the door of the room to see if the children were asleep, and called out softly:

The giant’s wife: “Who’s asleep and who’s

awake?” Keloğlan: “I’m awake!”

The giant’s wife: “Why aren’t you asleep, Keloğlan?”

Keloğlan: “My mum used to make me a tub of clotted cream ice cream every night; I’d eat it and go to sleep. Now that I haven’t had any, I can’t sleep; I just can’t seem to drift off.”

The giant’s wife: “The milk’s at the dairy. The dairy’s an hour’s walk from here. And even if there’s snow on the mountain top, that’s another half an hour away. The ice cream won’t be ready for about two hours.”

Keloğlan: “Even if it takes three hours, it doesn’t matter; because if I don’t have any ice cream, I won’t be able to sleep until morning.”

The giant’s wife: “Very well then, wait! I promise I’ll be back with the ice cream in two hours.”

The giant’s wife went off, fetching milk from the dairy and snow from the snow-capped mountain. She made the ice cream and placed it in front of Keloğlan. Keloğlan woke his friends, and they all enjoyed the ice cream. His friends went back to sleep. Keloğlan, too,

lay down on the bed as if he were asleep. Barely half an hour had passed when the giant's wife came to the door again and called out in a soft voice:

The giant's wife: "Who's asleep and who's

awake?" Keloğlan: "It's me, auntie!"

The giant's wife: "Why aren't you sleeping, Keloğlan?"

Keloğlan: "My mum used to cook me a lovely minced meat su böreği after the ice cream. I'd sleep soundly after eating that."

The giant's wife: "The sheep are in the pen. The pen is an hour and a half's walk from here. So you'll have to wait another two hours."

Keloğlan: "I'll wait, Auntie!"

Two hours later, the children had eaten the su böreği too. They got back into bed and fell asleep. Half an hour later, the giant's wife arrived.

The giant's wife: "Who's asleep and who's

awake?" Keloğlan: "It's me, Auntie ' '!"

The giant's wife: "Why aren't you sleeping,

Keloğlan?" Keloğlan asked for a tray of baklava this

time as well.

After that, he asked in turn for elmâsiye, [3] muhallebi and stuffed lamb. The giant's wife cooked and brought him every dish he asked for, just so that Keloğlan would sleep. She had to go to the sheepfold again to prepare the final meal. Keloğlan knew the sheepfold was an hour and a half away. Meanwhile, the sun began to gild the horizon with its first rays. Keloğlan woke his friends. They entered the tower of the mansion and bolted the iron door behind them. Climbing up to the viewing platform at the top of the tower, they waited for the giant's wife to return.

A short while later, the giant's wife arrived. When she couldn't find the children in the mansion, she assumed they had run away. Just then, she heard laughter and shouts coming from the top of the tower. And what did she see? The children were at the top of the tower! The giant's wife was so furious she didn't know what to do; 'Children, open the door!' she shouted. The children were up there, singing a folk song and playing:

O you lying wet nurse! You
wanted to eat us; We're more
cunning than you, We've
made all sorts of dishes from
you. Giant's wife, giant's
wife!
Half your butter's gone!
Your ice cream was so sweet,
Your custard was topped with
clotted cream; You put us up
in the mansion, But it left you
as poor as a church mouse.
Giant's wife, giant's
wife! Half your milk is
gone! How lovely the
subörek was, The
elmasiye was trembling,
We've ruined our
stomachs, Eating
baklava over and over.
Giant's wife, giant's
wife! Half your honey is
gone!

When the giant's wife heard these words, she went to look for a spade to break down the door.

When the giant's wife returned with the pickaxe,

Keloğlan asked: "Auntie, what are you going to

do with that pickaxe?" "I'm going to tear down

the tower!"

"Why do you want to tear down the

tower?" "To capture you!"

"What if I come to you of my own free will?"

"Then I'll love you like my own son."

Keloğlan quietly said the following to his friends:

“I’ll climb down from the tower and hand myself over to her as a joke. The giant’s wife can’t do anything to me. Don’t be afraid.”

Keloğlan hung himself out of the tower’s window. The giant’s wife reached out with her right hand, pulled Keloğlan in, and placed him inside a sack she was holding in her left hand; she tied the sack’s opening tightly and said:

“Keloğlan, let’s see if you can pull a trick on me even in this state! I’m off to the kitchen now; I’ll put my teeth in and come back, and I’ll eat you up with a crunch!”

Keloğlan: “If you can eat me, then bon appétit, auntie!”

The giant’s wife rushed into the kitchen. Keloğlan immediately slit open the sack with a small knife he’d pulled from his pocket and climbed out. In the garden, the giant’s wife’s beloved calf was grazing. Keloğlan caught it, brought it over, and tied the mouth of the sack (which he’d put it in) tightly shut. He hid himself amongst the reeds. Just then, the giant’s wife arrived. She’d clamped her shovel-like teeth into her mouth. Her face had taken on a form even more terrifying than that of the dreadful jinn or the demons [4] . She came running, snatched the sack and brought it to her mouth. She began to devour the creature inside, along with the sack. After she had eaten it all, something like a tuft remained in her hand. ‘What on earth is this?’ she said, raising it to her eyes to look. And what did she see? Her one and only beloved and the only one she cherished in the whole world—her calf—had been devoured, and only its tail in her hand. Upon seeing this, the giant’s wife fell to the ground in a fit of rage and fainted.

When Keloğlan saw that the giant’s wife had fainted, he said to his friends, “Come down from the tower; let’s run away.” His friends climbed down from the tower and began to run towards the river. The giant’s wife came round; seeing that they were running towards the river, she set off in pursuit.

The children reached the riverbank. Keloğlan said, ‘Quick, let’s each climb to the top of a tree!’ Each of them immediately climbed to the top of a tree as tall as a minaret. When the giant’s wife caught up with them, she saw the children laughing heartily from the tops of the towering willows.

The giant’s wife asked, “How did you get up there, Keloğlan?”

Keloğlan: “Auntie, I made a ladder by placing a bar of soap under the tree, a knife on top of that, and another bar of soap on top of the knife. I climbed all the way to the top of the tree by stepping on this ladder.”

The giant's wife went straight to the mansion and brought back many bars of soap and knives. She stacked them one on top of the other to make a ladder. When she climbed up it, her feet were cut, and blood began to flow from the soles and her toes; she suddenly toppled over and rolled onto the ground. The giant's wife, after a while, managed with great difficulty to get up and went to fetch an axe.

Keloğlan said to his friends, "Let's climb down from the trees and swim across the river to the other side!" The children swam across to the other side of the water like fish. When the giant's wife returned from the mansion, she saw the children on the opposite bank.

The giant's wife: "How did you get there, Keloğlan?"

Keloğlan: "Auntie! We rolled a millstone into the middle of the river; we stepped on it to get over to this side."

The giant's wife: "In that case, wait there; I'll catch up with you now."

The giant's wife rushed to the nearby mill, fetched a millstone from there, and threw it into the middle of the river. The stone sank to the river's very deep bed. The giant's wife, as if there really were a stepping stone in the middle of the river, put one foot out into the middle of the river. When her foot hit empty space, she fell into the water with a splash. The giant's wife couldn't swim. Her body was as heavy as a boulder. Her enormous frame plunged into and emerged from the foaming waters several times. In the end, she drowned.

When Keloğlan saw that the giant's wife had drowned, he swam over to her. Climbing up, he positioned himself on top of her head. With his knife, he cut out the giant's wife's eyes and ears. After placing these in his satchel, he returned to the riverbank. Together with his friends, they set off for the capital of that kingdom. They took the giant's wife's eyes and ears to the sultan's palace. The giant's wife had been ravaging the country for years. The sultan had announced that he would bestow great rewards upon whoever killed her. The sultan asked Keloğlan and his friends, 'What reward would you like?' Keloğlan replied, 'If you give us the giantess's treasures, we will ask for nothing else.'

The Sultan replied, 'These treasures are already yours!' and gave each of them forty mules. He sent them to the giant's wife's mansion to fetch her possessions. They divided the treasures among themselves. Each brought his share back to the capital on his own mules. The four friends bought a house each. They opened a shop each and became prosperous.

LAZY AHMET

A sultan had a son who had gone mad with love and three daughters. It was getting late for the daughters' weddings. One day, these three princesses summoned the head gardener. Each ordered a watermelon. The eldest wanted a very overripe watermelon; the middle one, a slightly overripe watermelon; and the youngest, a perfectly ripe watermelon. The head gardener brought the requested watermelons. Each of the princesses wrote her name on her own watermelon and sent them to the sultan. The sultan cut open the watermelons and understood the meaning behind his daughters' riddles.

The Sultan first summoned his eldest daughter and asked, 'Shall I give you to a young man, or to a mature and mature man ?' The eldest princess replied, 'You know best, my Sultan!' The Sultan gave her to the son of the Grand Vizier on the right, and arranged their wedding. He then summoned his middle daughter, asked her the same question, and received the same answer. He gave her to the son of the Grand Vizier on the left. When it came to the youngest daughter, he asked her the same question; but the young princess saw no need for the subtle duplicity typical of court life: "My glorious [5] father! Give me to the young man," she said. The Sultan was enraged by this reply; he immediately summoned the town criers and ordered them to announce that anyone who knew of a lazy, idle, sluggish young man should come forward. It turned out that
a poor woman had a son called Lazy Ahmet. He was so lazy
get up from where he was. They informed the Sultan of his hut. The Sultan gave his young daughter to this lad as a punishment. A wedding was held for them.

One day, Lazy Ahmet wanted to get some fresh air in the garden. His mother took him by the hand and led him out. The Sultan's daughter said to her mother-in-law, 'You took him out to the garden, so it falls to me to bring him back.' Her mother-in-law replied, 'Oh, how can you possibly bring him back?' to which she said, 'Isn't he my husband? 'Of course I'll bring him back,' she said, and immediately ran to the kitchen, grabbed a burning log and went over to Lazy Ahmet: 'Have you no shame? Your mother carries you to and from the garden on her back. How much longer are you going to stay at home? Come on, go and work, earn some money! Be a proper man. Otherwise, I'll give you a proper thrashing with this log!" she said. When Lazy Ahmet saw this, he bolted out onto the street in fear and went to the market; there, he started carrying people's belongings. By evening, he'd earned five or ten kuruş; when evening came, he returned home and knocked gently on the door.

Lazy Ahmet: "Knock, knock!"

His mother: “Who’s there?”

Lazy Ahmet: “It’s me, Lazy Ahmet!” “Come in!”

“Is Mum at home?” “She’s

at home.”

“Do you have the firewood

with you?” “I do.”

"In that case, I won’t come in. Take this money; I’m off to earn some more."

No matter what his mother did, Lazy Ahmet wouldn’t come inside. The next day, having earned another five or ten kuruş, he arrived at the door in the evening.

"Knock, knock!"

"Who’s there?"

"It’s me, Lazy Ahmet!" "Come

in, son..." "Is your wife at

home?"

"She’s at home!"

“Do you have the firewood

with you?” “I do!”

"In that case, I can’t come in. Take this money; I’m off to earn some more."

The next day, a merchant gave Lazy Ahmet five hundred kuruş: “Leave this money as pocket money for your family. I’m appointing you as caravan leader; you’ll be coming with me to Baghdad. I’ll pay you a hundred kuruş per animal,” he said. Lazy Ahmet accepted the offer, took the five hundred kuruş and came home:

“Knock, knock!”

“Who’s there?”

"It’s me, Lazy Ahmet!"

"Come on in, son!" "Is your

wife at home?"

“She’s not at home!”

“Do you have any

firewood?” “No, I

don’t!”

“Take these five hundred kuruş; I’m off to Baghdad on business.” “Son,

come inside so I can have a look at your face.”

"My wife’s at home, I can’t come in now. Goodbye!" Lazy

Ahmet set off with the caravan.

One day, the caravan came upon a desolate, treeless, waterless desert. After searching here and there, they found a hidden well amongst the hills. The merchant ordered Lazy Ahmet to climb down into the well with a bucket and fill it with water. As payment for this task, he would receive one lira per animal. Lazy Ahmet climbed down into the well and filled the bucket with water. As the caravan members hauled the bucket up, they gave water to the animals. When the animals had finished drinking, they lowered the bucket again, and Lazy Ahmet filled it once more. But Lazy Ahmet was not merely occupied with this task; he spotted a door inside the well. Upon entering through this door, he saw a pavilion. In this pavilion sat a dark-eyed girl, lost in melancholy thought.

When the dark-eyed girl saw Lazy Ahmet, she began to plead, ‘For heaven’s sake, rescue me from this well!’ Lazy Ahmet said, “If I get you out now, my friends outside might do you harm; be patient for a few more days. In the first town we reach, I’ll leave the caravan and come back here with two horses and a rope ladder to rescue you.” So that he wouldn’t forget her, the girl took her ring off her finger and slipped it onto Lazy Ahmet’s finger. When Lazy Ahmet emerged into the mansion’s garden, he saw artificial pomegranate trees there bearing fruit indistinguishable from real pomegranates. Thinking they were real, he plucked some of these pomegranates, filling both compartments of the sack on his shoulder, and

and climbed out of the well. Amongst the caravan, he spotted an old friend. He handed the sack to this friend and sent him home.

One day, towards evening, at Lazy Ahmet's house, whilst his wife and mother were talking, there was a knock at the door; 'This was sent to you by Lazy Ahmet,' they said, handing him a sack full of pomegranates. The young sultan exclaimed, 'What lovely pomegranates!' and took the sack to the storeroom. One night, the bride said to her mother-in-law, 'Let's cut open one of these lovely pomegranates and eat it!' A brought a pomegranate and cut it open. They saw that it was magical, its interior filled with pearls, diamonds, rubies and emeralds; 'Let's keep these pomegranates,' they said.

The next day, they sold the jewels that had come from the pomegranate they'd cut open. With the money, they had a beautiful palace built opposite the Sultan's palace. They announced that, just like a dervish lodge [6], all travellers and wayfarers would be welcomed there and served the finest meals. The sultan said to his vizier, 'I wish to know the owner of this palace. Let us disguise ourselves and go there to have a bowl of soup; perhaps we shall see the owners as well.' Disguised as dervishes, they arrived at the new palace. They did not recognise any of the men there.

When Lazy Ahmet's caravan reached Baghdad, the merchant gave him a golden tray and said, 'If you take this tray to the Sultan of Mosul, he will give you a generous reward.' Lazy Ahmet went to Mosul and presented the tray to the Sultan. When the Sultan saw the ring on Lazy Ahmet's finger, he recognised it as the ring belonging to his daughter, who had been missing for four years. The Sultan asked how the ring had come into his possession; Lazy Ahmet recounted his adventure in the well. The Sultan said, "That is my daughter; she is betrothed to the heir to the throne of your country. One day, my daughter vanished; we searched far and wide but could not find her. Her fiancé, too, went mad from the tragedy that befell him. 'Now, if you rescue my daughter from the well, you will receive generous rewards from both me and your own sultan,' he said. He gave Lazy Ahmet five or ten carts and a company of soldiers. When Lazy Ahmet reached the well, he climbed down into it; after bringing all the black-eyed sultan's belongings out, he said to the sultan: 'Now get ready to come out yourself! But I'll go up first; because if you go up first, there's a chance they'll leave me here and go off!" After Lazy Ahmet had climbed out of the well, he helped the sultan out too and took her to Mosul to be with her father. After the girl had spoken to her father and mother, she wanted to go to her fiancé. Lazy Ahmet told her that her fiancé was actually her brother-in-law; as he himself was about to return to his homeland, he could take her with him. The sultan gladly agreed to go with him.

When the caravan reached a village an hour's journey from the city, Lazy Ahmet said, "Wait here in the tent we'll pitch; I'll go and let them know you've arrived." Lazy Ahmet came to the door of his hut; the sultan's wife had not had the hut demolished so that Lazy Ahmet might recognise her when he arrived. Lazy Ahmet knocked on the door:

"Knock, knock!"

"Who's there?"

"It's me, Lazy Ahmet!" "Come

in, my dear husband!" "Is the

lady at home?"

"She's at home!"

"Do you have any wood

with you?" "No, I don't!"

Lazy Ahmet went inside. Imagine his surprise when he saw that the inside of their house had turned into a magnificent palace. His wife explained that the pomegranates she'd sent were filled with jewels, and that by selling just one of them, they'd had a palace built. She told Lazy Ahmet, "Go to the bathhouse, change your clothes; I'll fetch him," and immediately had the golden carriages prepared to go and welcome him. He brought the dark-eyed sultan to the palace with great pomp and ceremony.

The following evening, she hosted a banquet for the sultan and his son. The sultan reluctantly agreed to take the mad prince along as well. The madman harmed no one; he merely lived with a deep inner anguish. The sultan did not recognise Lazy Ahmet. Meanwhile, when his young daughter brought him the jasmine twig and presented it to him, he recognised her. Lazy Ahmet said, 'It is your daughter who has saved me from my laziness and turned me into a man who never tires. She has made me a husband worthy of her, and I have brought her—and you—a precious gift: I have brought the lover who has kept the prince in this state for the past four years!' At that moment, the dark-eyed sultan, burning with four years of longing for her love, entered and rushed towards the prince. When the prince saw this, he raised his hand to his forehead, and his eyes began to come to life. From his demeanour and manner, it was clear that his memories were slowly awakening and his mind was returning to him. A few seconds later, his mind was fully

: “Ah , my beloved!” he exclaimed, embracing his fiancée. The Sultan thanked his daughter and son-in-law. After forty days and forty nights of wedding celebrations, the prince and the dark-eyed sultan achieved their heart’s desire. [7]

THE SWANS

A sultan had eleven sons and a single daughter. When the children's beloved mother died, the sultan married another woman. This new sultan was a sorceress; she did not love her stepchildren at all.

One day, her stepmother took Nilüfer to the bathhouse. She smeared black paint on her face, head and body; using magic, she made the paint impossible to remove. The girl became terribly ugly. Now her sultan father could no longer bear to look at her. Everyone was repulsed by the poor girl. In the end, they banished her to the kitchen and made her wash the dishes.

The stepmother did not stop there; she also used a spell to turn the girl's eleven brothers into swans. These poor souls would turn back into humans at night; but as soon as the sun rose, they would transform into swans and fly away. They would go to the green lakes, where they would bathe in the purple shadows of the reeds. As long as Nilüfer could see her brothers, she endured the humiliation at court; but once she saw them flying away as swans, she no longer wished to remain at court. One day, she slipped out of the palace secretly; after travelling a short distance, over hill and dale, she came to the shore of a green lake and, sitting in the shade of a willow tree, lost herself in gazing at the lake's beautiful colours.

At that moment, she saw a white cloud approaching from across the lake. As the cloud drew nearer, she realised it was a flock of white swans. These white swans first landed on the lake and bathed in the cool waters. Then, one of them spotted Nilüfer and pointed her out to the others; they all swam over to their sister at once and began to kiss her hands, feet and hair. The girl recognised them as her own brothers; she told them of all the misfortunes she had endured. The swans heard and understood her words, but could not reply.

When night fell, the swans turned into young princes. Nilüfer recognised her brothers one by one; she spoke with them until morning, but when morning came, they all turned back into swans and flew to the other side of the lake. Nilüfer waited impatiently until evening. Towards evening, the white cloud appeared once more. After bathing once more in the emerald waters, the swans came to Nilüfer's side. At night, they took on human form. They said to Nilüfer: 'We cannot stay on this side of the lake. The air, the soil—everything here is dreary. On the opposite shore there is a beautiful beach; its sand is made of gold, its mother-of-pearl of pearls, and its pebbles

are made of diamond. On the hill above this beach, amidst the pine forests, a natural pavilion has emerged from the intertwining of the trees… that is our palace. In the forest there are all kinds of fruit trees and game birds. We can live a happy life there with you. ‘Tomorrow morning, when we have turned into swans, we shall carry you on our wings and take you across the lake; do not be afraid. Our wings are strong. Do not even think of falling into the water!’

When morning came, six swans gathered side by side to form a raft. Nilüfer sat upon this raft. The five swans spread their wings to create a canopy over the raft. This white raft began to soar through the sky. As it flew aloft, its reflection shone upon the silver mirror of the lake below. As Nilüfer was not afraid of falling, she was thoroughly enjoying this journey. As evening approached, they landed on an island; they spent the night there. In the morning, they formed the white raft once more. Towards evening, they set Nilüfer down on the opposite bank, on a beach of golden sand, mother-of-pearl and diamonds. They spent the night in the natural pavilion in the forest. Come morning, her brothers turned into swans once more and flew away. Nilüfer left the pavilion and wandered through the forest. The branches of the trees were beautiful, the leaves were beautiful, the flowers were beautiful; and the fruits were also very delicious.

She wandered by the lake’s shore, beneath the forest’s trees, until evening. When evening fell, the swans arrived and bathed in the foamy waters, whiter than snow. As soon as the sun set, they turned back into humans. This sweet life here lasted for months. One night, a white-haired old woman appeared in Nilüfer’s dream and said, ‘There is a lake of milk on the eastern side of the forest; if you bathe there, you will regain your former beauty.’ Before dawn, Nilüfer woke her sisters and learnt the location of the lake of milk. When morning came and the swans had flown away, she set off for the lake of milk. After entering the lake and bathing, she looked in the mirror: her beauty, as it had been before her stepmother’s spell, had returned in full. That evening, when her sisters saw Nilüfer in this state, they were overjoyed.

That night, Nilüfer saw the old woman in her dream again. The woman said: ‘If you wish to free your sisters from the spell, you must weave eleven shirts from the thistles in the graveyards; but until these are finished, no matter what torments they inflict upon you, not a single word must pass your lips. You must not answer any questions. If you endure all the torture, without speaking a single word, and manage to weave the eleven shirts and dress the swans in them, they will immediately become human again, just as they were before.”

When Nilüfer woke up, she went to look for cattail. With the cattail she had gathered, she began to weave the first shirt. In the evening, her brothers came and asked what she was doing, but she gave no reply; she just kept weaving. Her brothers said, ‘This silence is a spell too.’ From then on, she no longer spoke to her brothers at night. They would talk, whilst she wove her shirts.

One day, the young sultan of that land had gone out hunting; his path took him past the natural pavilion. He was captivated by the pavilion’s beauty. And when he saw the world’s most beautiful girl, Nilüfer, there, he fell head over heels in love with her. The young sultan asked the girl who she was; Nilüfer did not reply. He asked her name, but again received no reply. The girl continued to knit her shirt without pause. The young sultan was astonished by her behaviour. He asked her, ‘Will you marry me?’; again, there was no reply. His viziers said, ‘Silence means consent,’ and, placing the girl in a carriage, took her to the young sultan’s palace.

They celebrated the wedding for forty days and forty nights; but Nilüfer was nowhere to be seen. She was constantly knitting a shirt. When she ran out of cat’s-ear, she would slip out of the palace at night to gather it in the graveyards. Meanwhile, there were the viziers’ daughters who wished to win the sultan’s favour. They posted a watchman to follow Nilüfer. Eventually, they informed the sultan that his fiancée was a sorceress, that she roamed the graveyards at night, and that she cast spells against the people; ‘If you do not believe us,’ they said, ‘follow her at night; you will see it with your own eyes!’ At the same time, they spread the rumour amongst the people that the girl was a sorceress. The sultan had become suspicious. When night fell, he followed her. The girl came to the graveyard and began gathering herbs. The sultan was convinced that she was a sorceress. He brought her before the court. The qadi asked her many questions. The girl did not answer any of them; she simply knitted the shirt in her hands. Finally, the qadi sentenced the girl to be hanged; the sultan approached Nilüfer and told her that if she spoke a single word, her sentence would be commuted and she would remain his fiancée as before. Nilüfer made no movement other than continuing to knit the shirt in her hands; she carried on knitting.

The Sultan was enraged by the girl’s behaviour. ‘Let the sentence be carried out!’ he said. The executioners took the girl and led her to the gallows. The girl was hurrying to finish her last shirt. She did not stop for a single second; she knitted on and on. The executioner told her to prepare for death. Many onlookers had come to watch how this sorceress would die. The girl paid no heed; she continued to knit the shirt. Indeed, the shirt was almost finished. The executioner, trying to coax a word from her, kept urging her to perform ablutions, pray, and repent; whilst she strove to finish the final stitches. Finally,

the executioner grew weary. Just as he reached out to hang the girl, the final shirt was finished. At that moment, eleven swans flew in like a white cloud and gathered around the girl. The girl dressed the swans, one by one, in the eleven shirts lying beside her; the eleven swans instantly turned into eleven princes. At this, both the executioner and the onlookers were left utterly astonished.

At that moment, the girl said to the executioner: ‘Let the Sultan and the Qadi come now; I shall explain everything.’ The Sultan and the Qadi arrived. Nilüfer explained how her stepmother had cast spells on her and her siblings; that her silence and her constant knitting of shirts whilst gathering wild fennel at night were intended to break these spells; and that she had received orders from an unknown realm in her dreams to do so. Her siblings also bore witness to the truth of these words. The Sultan sent word to Nilüfer’s father, inviting him and the Lady Sultan to the wedding. During the wedding, the elderly father recognised his children. He divorced his treacherous wife and sent her back to her father’s house; he embraced his children and kissed them on the eyes. He also expressed his deepest gratitude to his son-in-law for saving his children. From then on, they all lived happily ever after.

THE POMEGRANATE SEED OR THE FAKE KELOĞLAN

Once upon a time, there was a great sultan. He had a daughter named Gülsün Sultan. Another sultan's son asked for her hand in marriage; her father gave his daughter to him. To take her back to his kingdom, the prince had Gülsün Sultan seated in his golden carriage and set off with a grand procession. One day, whilst travelling along the road, the prince spotted a pomegranate seed on the ground. He immediately dismounted from his horse, picked up the pomegranate seed from the ground and popped it into his mouth. Gülsün Sultan had watched the prince's actions closely. She concluded that a man who picks up a pomegranate seed from the ground and pops it into his mouth—even if he is a prince—could not be a refined and courteous gentleman; she realised she could not live with such a coarse-spirited young man; she immediately ordered her coachman to turn the carriage . Through her aides [8] she also had all her carriages turned back.

The prince returned to his homeland with only his own men, empty-handed; but this humiliation he had suffered pained him deeply. Moreover, being separated from his beautiful fiancée, whom he truly loved, was gnawing at his heart like a fiery saw. The prince was consumed by a burning desire both to take revenge on that proud sultan who had humiliated him and to reunite with that beautiful being who had stolen his heart. Finally, one day, the prince made up his mind. Just as in fairy tales, he donned a tripe sack over his head to disguise himself as Keloğlan. Thus, he set off for his beloved's homeland.

The prince knew that Gülsün Sultan had long been searching for a skilled gardener. Disguised as Keloğlan, he went to the palace. He told the head porter that he was very skilled at gardening and that, if the palace needed a gardener, he would be more than capable of doing the job. The head porter had been tasked by Gülsün Sultan with finding a good gardener. He immediately took Keloğlan to Gülsün Sultan's presence. Gülsün Sultan loved roses of every colour and variety. She asked Keloğlan, 'Do you know how to grow roses?' Keloğlan replied, 'If I didn't, would I have dared to ask for the position of gardener at this palace?'

The next morning, when Gülsün Sultan awoke, she saw that the garden was adorned from end to end with pink roses. The palace garden, where nothing but red earth had been visible the day before, now resembled the rose fields of paradise.

How could have created such a rose field in a single night? Gülsün Sultan was overcome with curiosity; she immediately slung her shawl [9] over her shoulder and went down into the garden. From a distant corner of the garden came the sound of a very melancholy song. As she drew nearer, she saw Keloğlan singing a folk song in his own hut:

‘Open, my rose, open,’ I say, and the roses bloom,
‘Shine, my rose,’ I say, and colours shine,
But none of them matter to me;
For my beloved is running away from me...

Gülsün Sultan: “Keloğlan, the girl you love must be very cruel. How is it that she does not give her heart to a magician like you, who can turn the world into a rose garden with a single breath?”

Keloğlan: “Ah, my Sultan, God created you as an angel of compassion; please pray to God for me; surely she will then give her heart to me.”

Gülsün Sultan raised her hands to the heavens and prayed for Keloğlan. After the prayer, she began to see Keloğlan as even more charming and gentle.

The following morning, when Gülsün Sultan awoke, she looked out of the window once more. Today, too, the garden was adorned from end to end with white roses. She immediately threw her shawl over her shoulder and went down into the garden. Once again, she could hear the sound of singing. As she approached Keloğlan’s hut, she heard him singing this song:

My beloved, let her either show me nothing but hardship,
Or show me true, complete loyalty... Let me
water her garden with my tears,
May my sorrow bring her joy!

That day, Gülsün Sultan began to see Keloğlan as even more handsome. On the third morning, Gülsün Sultan saw her garden adorned with yellow roses. When she went to Keloğlan’s hut, she heard this folk song:

O lover of roses! You are a beauty, Smile
at me so that my fortune may smile too.
Do not ask who my beloved is; she too is
a sultan;

If you do not mind, her name is Gülsün too!

That day, Gülsün Sultan realised that Keloğlan loved her, and no one else. When she searched her own heart, she found that a flame of love for Keloğlan was burning there too; she made up her mind at once and went to him: 'I love you too; but my father will not give me to you. Let's escape secretly from this country; in another land, we'll be free and unbound, belonging only to each other,' she said. Keloğlan had already made all the necessary preparations. That very night, they fled the palace and set off on their journey. By day they hid in the woods; by night they walked. At last, they crossed the country's border. Now there was no longer any fear of being caught or captured. So they walked by day as well.

One day, whilst travelling along the road, Keloğlan spotted an old, broken wooden comb lying on the ground. He said to Gülsün Hanım:

'Take this and put it in your bundle!'

'Why should I take it? What use is it?'

"Don't you need a comb to comb your hair? Let's see if you can find one where we're going."

Gülsün Hanım picked up the comb from the ground with a look of disgust and put it in her bundle. They walked a little further. Keloğlan spotted a patched, torn piece of peştamal on the ground. He said to Gülsün Hanım:

"Take this and put it in your bundle!"

When Mrs Gülsün asked, "Why should I take it?", he replied, "Won't you need a peştamal at the bathhouse? Let's see if you can find one there too."

After walking a little further, he spotted a dirty tin bowl on the ground. He said to Mrs Gülsün: "Take this too!"

In response to Mrs Gülsün's question, "Why should I take this?", he said, "You'll need a bowl to pour water in the bathhouse. Let's see if you can find one where we're going."

Mrs Gülsün picked up this dirty bowl with a look of disgust and stuffed it into a corner of her bundle. And so, the two of them set off on foot, walking all the way to Keloğlan's father's

home. Keloğlan settled Mrs Gülsün in a hut near the palace. He himself went to the palace dressed as a prince. During his journey, he announced that he had broken off his former romance, that he now wished to marry the Grand Vizier's daughter, and that wedding preparations should begin immediately. Wedding preparations began at the palace. The prince would visit the cottage once a day, disguised as Keloğlan.

One day, Keloğlan said to Gülsün: 'The prince of this land is getting married. You too should go to the palace amongst the seamstresses. Not only will you receive a wage for your labour, but if you manage to steal a piece of silk fabric, you can make a beautiful dress for the child you will bear.'

Gülsün entered the palace pretending to be a seamstress; she saw that the bride was a very ugly girl. She remembered that once upon a time, she herself would have come to a palace as a bride . She thought about how a single pomegranate seed had changed her fortune. But she was very content with her current situation; for she loved her husband with all her heart. At that moment, her husband's words came to mind. Although it went against her character and morals, she forced herself to obey his words; she hid a piece of silk fabric under her bedsheet. The day before, the Prince had ordered the chief steward [10] to have the female workers searched the following day, claiming, 'The fabric has been stolen.' The search was carried out, and the piece of fabric in question
was found under Gülsün's sheet. The poor woman, having endured every manner of insult
and barely managed to drag herself back to her hut. She told her husband what had happened. Her husband said, 'You've been clumsy this time. If you go again, you'll be more skilful at stealing it.'

Gülsün, as if under a spell, [11] did everything her husband told her to do, without being able to help herself. Love had robbed her of all her willpower. The next morning, Keloğlan said, 'Today, go to the bathhouse near us.' Gülsün gathered her basin and comb and went to the bathhouse. As it turned out, all the ladies of the palace were at the bathhouse that day. The prince placed a gold coin, a piece of sugar, a rose, a thorn and a pomegranate seed on a tray and sent it to the bathhouse with the head eunuch: 'Tell them that whichever lady can solve the riddle on this tray, the prince will take her as his bride,' he said, 'and whether she be poor or rich, be sure to show this tray to every lady!' The maids showed the tray to all the women in the bathhouse. None of them could solve the riddle.

Finally, seeing that no one remained in the bathhouse but Keloğlan's wife, Gülsün, they were forced to show it to her too; for the prince had ordered that it be shown to every woman, whether poor or rich. The poor woman, without meaning to, uttered these words:

I was as precious as
gold, as sweet as sugar;
on the tree of sovereignty
I was the only sprout that
had grown Whilst I was
a rose in the
pomegranate grove I
became a coarse thorn
The reason: a single
pomegranate seed
I came to Keloğlan

The maids wrote down these words so as not to forget them, and took them to the prince. The prince said, 'The girl I shall take is this one!' The maids immediately took Gülsün Hanım to the bath being prepared for the bride-to-be. The poor woman simply would not part with her broken comb, her basin or her tattered peştamal. The maids took these from her and cast them aside, wrapping a peştamal of the sort used by sultans around her waist. They combed her hair with ivory and diamond combs and poured water over her head from golden basins. After she had been thoroughly washed, they wrapped her in silk towels and led her out of the bathhouse. They dressed her in the garments prepared for the bride-to-be. She kept refusing, saying, 'I am Keloğlan's wife! You have mistakenly taken me for someone else!'

The maids, with great delicacy and respect, helped her into the golden carriage, took her to the palace, and led her straight to the prince's chamber. She was weeping, saying, 'I don't want this, I don't want this! I want no one but Keloğlan!' Just then, the prince arrived. Gülsün said to him too, 'I am a married woman; I am Keloğlan's wife, and I love him. Whoever it may be, I want no one else!' The prince said, 'If you won't have anyone but Keloğlan, then I shall become a Keloğlan myself…' He immediately took an old tripe from a bag on the wall and put it on his head; he also took Keloğlan's tattered cloak and put it on his back. Dressed like this, he stood before Gülsün Hanım. When the poor woman saw Keloğlan, her beloved, standing before her, she realised that the man she had hitherto taken for Keloğlan was in fact the prince who had eaten the pomegranate seed. The prince said, "Well?" "Will you marry me now?"

Gülsün Hanım: “Yes, I do now; for whilst you were a prince, I was to marry you without ever having seen you or even met you; but I have seen Keloğlan and spoken to him. I loved him without regard for the ugliness of his face. If a handsome prince is hidden beneath Keloğlan’s feigned ugliness, I shall not be saddened by it. If a beautiful soul is accompanied by a beautiful face, it is a blessing upon a blessing. Now, my prince, I shall ask you something: will you forgive me for that single pomegranate seed?”

The Prince: “No, it is I who should be asking for forgiveness! For I have put you through so much suffering. I have subjected you to so many insults… I do not know, my Sultan, will you forgive me for these sins?”

The Sultan: “In that case, let us consider ourselves even, and let us forget the past. For us, life will truly begin from now on. Well then, my prince, we shall always love one another from now on, shall we not? And if our first child is born, our happiness will be doubled; then we shall hold another forty days and forty nights of wedding celebrations, shall we not?”

MONK,[12] WHAT DID YOU SEE?

A poor woman had three daughters. Every day, they would spin and twist cotton, making thread to sell. As they had no other source of income, they lived on the meagre earnings from this work alone. Each day, in turn, one of the girls would take the twisted thread to the market. That day, it was the youngest girl's turn. Early in the morning, the youngest daughter took the thread to the market and sold it. On her way home, she saw a chicken for sale in a Jewish man's hand. The girl bought the chicken for four kuruş. Their earnings for the day amounted to five kuruş; she had one kuruş left. With this, she also bought a candle and returned home. Her brothers and sisters greeted the little girl. They saw she was holding a chicken and a candle. She had brought neither bread nor anything to eat with it.

'What are we going to do with this chicken? You've spent our bread money on it; you've left us hungry tonight!' they scolded their little sister. The little girl said nothing; she put the chicken in the coal cellar. As she was closing the cellar door, the chicken darted out. The girl tried to cut it off to catch it; but the chicken darted out through the front door and began to run off towards the fields. The chicken ran, the girl ran… running and running, they plunged into a forest.

It was evening, and it had grown dark. The hen stopped in front of a door. The door opened of its own accord; the hen went inside, and the girl followed. She saw that it was a garden of fruit trees and a rose garden… Ponds were flowing, roses were in bloom, nightingales were singing… Fresh fruit hung from the trees, dried fruit lay on the ground—it was a place as beautiful as paradise. She went a little further. Three tents had been pitched in a wide clearing. The first was adorned with emeralds, the second with diamonds, and the third with pearls. The girl was delighted with this beautiful place. She looked inside the tents; in each one there was a golden four-poster bed. On top of each bed lay a mattress made of white silk. Besides that, each tent contained a marble table, a few chairs and other such furnishings. In one corner of each tent lay freshly hunted game birds. Yet in the centre, there was not a single person to be seen.

First, the girl made the beds that had been left untidy since morning; she mopped, swept and cleaned the place. Then she plucked and cleaned the birds, and cooked them in the kitchen. She prepared a separate table for each of them, placing their food, water and coffee in their proper places. Having done all this, she hid amongst the dense trees.

When evening came, three young princes arrived at the tents and entered them. They found everything ready. The eldest prince said, ‘My middle brother has prepared this!’ The middle brother said, ‘My youngest brother has prepared this!’ It never occurred to them that a stranger could have entered this place. For this was the densest, darkest part of the forest. No one knew of this place.

Morning came. The three brothers mounted their horses and went hunting. When the girl saw that they had left, she emerged from her hiding place, tidied up the place, made the beds, swept and mopped everywhere, and prepared meals from the game birds they had brought back. She prepared food, water and coffee for each of them. Just as they were about to return, she hid again. This went on for several days. The three brothers had now realised that someone other than themselves was doing these chores.

One day, as they sat talking, they were wondering who was doing these tasks. The eldest prince said, ‘Tomorrow I shall stay here; I’ll hide to one side and keep watch. Then, whoever is secretly doing our work will be found out.’

Morning came, and the other brothers left; the eldest brother stayed in his tent. He hid to one side and waited, and waited… No one came or went… Eventually, sleep got the better of him, and he fell into a deep slumber. When the girl saw that the prince was asleep, she came out. Once again, she made the beds, wiped down the floor, swept it, and cleaned every corner. After finishing all the chores, she hid in her old spot. Evening fell; the eldest prince awoke and saw that everything had been prepared once more. His brothers arrived and asked him about it. He told them he’d fallen asleep and hadn’t seen a thing.

The next day, it was the middle brother’s turn. He, too, could not wait until the very end. Finally, it was the youngest brother’s turn. The older brothers left; the youngest prince pricked his finger, put salt in the wound, and feigned sleep. The girl believed the youngest prince was truly asleep and emerged from her hiding place. She made the beds, mopped and swept the floor, cooked the meals; she finished every task. Just as she was about to hide, the youngest prince grabbed the girl by the arm and said:

“Are you a human or a genie?”

“I am neither a human nor a genie; I am a person just like you.”

The girl told the prince everything that had happened to her; then she said:

“Why were you spying on me? I was meant to remain hidden. Now your brothers will see me too.”

“Let me take you to my tent; my brothers never come there. We never enter each other’s tents. They won’t see you ; I’ll say I didn’t see anything either.”

The two young people came to an agreement between themselves. From that day on, the girl hid in the young prince’s tent. In the evening, her brothers came and asked, ‘What did you see?’ ‘I saw nothing; perhaps he is a man from some unknown place [13] who is invisible to the eye. ‘Let him do us no harm; if he wishes, let him remain hidden forever,’ she said. The older brothers replied, ‘Very well,’ and made no further attempt to discover the identity of the mysterious man.

Some time passed in this way. The girl continued to attend to her duties as usual.

One day, the sultan decided to go to war against a great empire. He sent horsemen to his sons, summoning them to take command of their respective armies. That night, the three brothers spoke in secret and decided to set off very early the next morning. Early the next morning, the other princes were ready. The youngest prince entered his tent. The girl was asleep; he did not wake her. He adorned the bed, both inside and out, with roses he had picked from the garden. He wrote a letter, placed it on her pillow, and left.

A short while later, the girl awoke and could not see the prince in the tent. She peered out through a gap in the tent. The other tents were nowhere to be seen either. She turned back to her bed; it was then that she noticed it was strewn with roses. At that moment, her eye fell on the letter lying on the pillow; she read it: it said that as he was about to leave for the front, he could not take her with him, but that he would return to her side once the war was over. The girl was deeply saddened by this misfortune; ‘I cannot stay here any longer. Wherever he goes, I shall follow him,’ she said, and went outside. She began to walk, following the horses’ tracks. After walking for about an hour, she came across a monk on the road. She said to the monk:

“Give me your robes, and I’ll give you my robes, my diamonds and all my jewels.”

“Where can I go dressed as a woman?”

“Look, there’s a forest over there. Go there, and in the thicket of the trees you’ll see a door. Open the door and go inside. In the middle of a beautiful garden, you’ll see a tent adorned with pearls. Inside the tent, there’s a single bed and everything you need to rest. Besides that, there’s a great deal of gold, diamonds and pearls. Here, you’ll find everything you need ready and waiting.”

The girl and the monk changed their clothes. The girl dressed as a monk. She walked for about another hour. Ahead, she saw the three princes sitting under a tree. She went over to them, greeted them, and sat down. When the princes mounted their horses and set off, she began to walk alongside them. The youngest prince was bringing up the rear. He was very curious to know how the girl was faring. To himself, he thought, ‘I’ll just ask this monk. Perhaps I’ll get some news about the girl,’ and so he asked the monk:

‘Monk, what did you see?’ The monk replied:

‘I saw a lover lying
down, I saw a rose
withering; parted from
his beloved,
I saw her wandering.”

These words pleased the prince. He had left the girl behind. He could not disobey his father’s command. He could not take her with him; yet he was deeply saddened that he had left her alone.

Out of sheer boredom, he kept asking all along the way, ‘Monk, what did you see?’; and the monk would repeat the same words. The young prince could not bear to see the monk walking on foot.

He would let the monk ride his horse for an hour, then ride it himself for an hour. That was how they made their way. His older brothers, seeing this, grew angry and said, ‘Why have you brought this monk down on your head?’ Eventually, they arrived in their father’s kingdom. The young prince set up a shop for the monk. He began selling old carpets, old tiles and other such antiques. Every day, the prince would visit the monk and ask, ‘Monk, what have you seen?’; and the monk would repeat the same words.

The feared war was brought to an end through political manoeuvres and a peace treaty. Once the Sultan had resolved the issue of the war, he decided to marry off his sons

. He was to marry the eldest prince to the Grand Vizier's daughter; the middle prince to the middle Vizier's daughter; and the youngest prince to the youngest Vizier's daughter. The wedding was arranged; the prince came to the shop and sat down beside the monk.

Prince: "We have a wedding today. You must come too, without fail."

Monk: "It is not my custom to attend weddings; I cannot leave my work. But I have an elderly mother and a sister; if you'll allow me, I'll send them."

"That would be excellent. Go and send them straight away." Then he asked again: "Monk, what did you see?"

The monk, angrily: "My Prince, you are getting married now; will you never forget these words?

"I saw the beloved lying
down, I saw the rose
withering; parted from
his beloved,
I saw him setting out on his journey."

he said.

The monk went straight home. To the old woman with whom he lived as a lodger, he said, 'We're going to the wedding together now; get ready!' He took a beautiful wedding dress out of his chest. Having put on this lady's dress, he came over to the old woman.

The old woman exclaimed in astonishment: "Those who see you take you for an ugly monk; yet you are a girl whose beauty is unrivalled in the world!"

'Now we're off to the wedding. You'll be the monk's mother; I'll say I'm his sister; so that means I'll be your daughter.'

'Oh, how wonderful! I'd love to be the mother of a girl as beautiful as you, even if it's a lie, my dear!'

It turned out that the girl really was the most beautiful in the world. At the wedding, everyone's eyes were fixed on her. Even the prince's mother and the sultan's mother whispered to one another: "The bride is very ugly. If the prince doesn't like her and sends her back to her father's house, it would be a great disgrace, and the wedding would lose all its charm. There's no other option but to deceive the prince tonight. If we put the monk's sister in his room as the bride

, the prince's eyes will be dazzled tonight. Then, as he will look at his wife with the same eyes, he will find her beautiful too."

Having decided on this plan, they dressed the monk's sister in the bride's clothes; they adorned her with her diamonds and pearls. They placed the girl, dressed in this guise, in the bridal chamber.

When the prince saw the bride, he let out a silent 'Ah!'; for she was the spitting image of the beloved he had left behind in the forest. It was as if an apple had been split in two, with that girl forming one half and this girl the other. He was both overjoyed and sorrowful. He felt pangs of conscience for having been unfaithful to the other. The Junior Viziir's daughter, too, considered herself very happy because she resembled him. At that moment, a large tray of night-time fruits was brought to the bride and groom. It contained all manner of fresh fruits: apples, pears, peaches, quinces and grapes. The maids placed the tray upon a golden table. The Sultan and the prince sat facing each other on either side of the fruit table. The Sultan was peeling an apple; somehow, he cut his finger slightly. The prince immediately bandaged the Sultan's injured left hand with his pearl-embroidered handkerchief. On the finger of his right hand, he also placed an emerald unlike any other in the world.

When morning came, the girl went home, then dressed as a monk and went to the shop. A little while later, the prince arrived there too. They began to speak as follows:

"Well, my prince, are you very pleased?"

"Yes, monk, I am very pleased. The Sultan's wife bears a great resemblance to the beauty I lost; but whenever I think of the other one's plight, I am tormented as if in the fires of hell. Now tell me once more: monk, what did you see?"

"For heaven's sake, my prince, you've got married, you've completely abandoned that poor girl, and yet you're still asking me to tell you. I shall no longer recount to you those distressing scenes I witnessed some time ago. You, too, must forget everything that has happened entirely. After all, men are quick to forget the promises they make to their lovers."

At that moment, the monk tried to raise his hand to his face to hide the two tears that had welled up in his eyes from the prince. The prince suddenly noticed the unique ring on the monk's finger:

"Good heavens, monk, where did you get this emerald ring…? I gave an identical one to the Sultan's wife this very night. There is no other like it to be found in any sultan's treasury."

The monk lowered his right hand to conceal the ring. Then, once more to hide the tears in his eyes, he raised his left hand. The prince saw, in that hand too, the pearl-embroidered handkerchief bearing the first letter of his own name:

“Good heavens, monk! This handkerchief is mine! Look, the first letter of my name is embroidered on the corner. I tied this handkerchief to the Sultan’s hand myself last night. How is it that this ring and this handkerchief are in your possession? Or have you stolen them?”

“My Prince, I did not steal these; I have no connection whatsoever with theft. Now, I must explain how these items belonging to the Sultan’s wife came into my possession. There is no need for great effort. Just as I remove and cast aside the monk’s cap on my head, all my secrets will be revealed.”

Having said this, he removed the monk’s cap from his head and cast it aside. The beautiful, silky golden hair he had concealed beneath the cap cascaded down over his shoulders. At a single glance, the Prince recognised both his former fiancée, whom he had seen in the forest, and his beloved, whom he had seen in the bridal chamber. It turned out that both had been hidden beneath the monk’s cap! He immediately sent word to the palace. The vizier’s daughter went to her father’s house. Once again, a wedding was held for forty days and forty nights. They feasted, drank, and found their happiness.

MUM THE SYRUP-MAKER

A merchant had only one daughter in the whole world. He loved this daughter, whom he had named Akçiçek, dearly. As her mother had died when she was young, he had acted as both father and mother to her. For this reason, he never let her out of his sight.

One day, the merchant decided to go on the Hajj, but he had no one to look after his daughter. He began to wonder to whom he should entrust her. Seeing her father deep in thought, Akçiçek said:

'Father, don't worry about me at all! Stock our house with a year's supply of food and drink; have the door bricked up with stones. I'll stay here with my nanny, and I won't leave the house until you return.'

Her father approved of his daughter's precaution and did as she had said. After filling the house with enough provisions to last a year, he had the door bricked up and, entrusting his daughter and her nanny to God's care, set off for the Hajj.

The sultan's son heard that Akçiçek was shut away in a house like this. He wanted to understand what sort of girl she was, what she thought, and what dreams she harboured. The prince was seeking a wife with a generous heart and a profound soul. He had not yet found such a wife amongst the viziers' daughters. One day, disguised as an old woman and carrying a bottle of molasses, she went to the girl's stone-walled door and began to call out:

I am Granny Molasses, I sell molasses, I
bring joy to sorrowful hearts!
My sweet tales are balm for the soul,
I pluck every sorrow from the heart and cast it away!

The girl listened to these words several times. Her father had forgotten to buy them any molasses. Moreover, the girl was beginning to grow weary of her solitude. Her black nanny knew neither tales nor how to converse. The girl came to the door out of curiosity. She said the following words to Mother Molasses:

Please, Mrs Pekmezci, come out of the
neighbour's house and climb up onto that
roof,
Sell us some pekmez and tell us a fairy tale:

For a fairy tale is a remedy for the sorrow in the heart...

Mum the Molasses Seller knocked on the neighbour's door and asked the lady of the house for permission to go up onto the roof. The neighbour's wife, taking pity on the girl, gave the molasses seller permission. Mum the Molasses Seller went up onto the roof. From there, she lowered the bottle of molasses down on a string. The girl tied the money for the molasses to the string; Mum the Molasses Seller pulled the string back up. The transaction for the molasses was complete. The girl asked the Molasses Seller to tell her a fairy tale. The Molasses Seller told her this fairy tale:

MEHVEŞ'S JUSTICE
Ahmet saw a grove, His
heart was filled with
longing; He caught a
female turtle dove, And
put her in a cage.
His little sister said,
'Give her to me!' He
loved Mehveş; he said,
'Take her, she's yours!'
The dove's mate, in the
evening, finding the nest
empty, sighed deeply,
searching the whole
plain.
Then it found its mate, on
Mehveş's wall; It came and
spread its feathers, by the
edge of the cage.
The two mates, day and
night, Would talk and
make love; Mehveş said:
"I am truly
a cruel one I am now: I have
made her mate a prisoner,
His companion has
come, weeping; 'O Lord,
what sort of person is
this?

Why does she bind the
birds?" As she spoke
these words, she opened
the little cage;
The two birds, flying off at
once, Soared through the
forest.

Akçiçek was delighted with the fairy tale. Every day, bringing a bottle of molasses, she asked Molasses Mother to tell her a fairy tale. Molasses Mother promised to return and went on her way.

The Prince had fallen in love with Akçiçek at first sight. The next day, he came to the girl's side once more, disguised as Mother Molasses. This time, a fairy tale about flowers was told. The girl liked this one even more. From then on, the Molasses Lady came every day and told a beautiful fairy tale. After the tale was over, Akçiçek would share her own feelings. Her heart's sole desire was twofold: firstly, to be reunited with her father as soon as possible; secondly, never to part from the Molasses Lady. She loved the Molasses Lady. She had never seen a woman quite like her in the whole world: she knew everything and had an answer to every question. Her fairy tales were always filled with wisdom that uplifted one's morals. Besides this, she recited beautiful rhymes, ballads, epics and hymns.

Whilst listening to these, Akçiçek would be overcome with emotion and lose himself in the moment. Even the black nanny would be moved to tears. Weeks and months passed in this way. One day, news arrived that her father was on his way back with the pilgrims. That day, Akçiçek was sad. All the pilgrims' doors were to be adorned with the calligraphy and embroidery of the artisans [14]; their own door, however, would remain bare, for they had no one outside to have it decorated. Pekmezci Anne said, 'Don't be sad, my girl; I can do this very well.' But the girl was still sad; the relatives and friends of the other pilgrims would go out to greet them; they would bring them home with feasts and treats along the way; her own father, however, would be deprived of such things.
Pekmezci Anne promised her father that she would arrange a reception so splendid that its like had never been seen in the world
; indeed, Akçiçek's father was astonished by the lavish reception; he was overjoyed to see his daughter in good health.

On the second day, he was summoned to the sultan's presence. After the sultan had showered the merchant with many compliments, he asked him, by Allah's command, to give his daughter in marriage to the crown prince[15]. The merchant stated that he would regard this great blessing as a source of endless pride for his family. They decided that the wedding would take place within a week. Akçiçek was

; she declared that if they did not want Pekmezci Anne, she would never go to the palace. The Sultan accepted this condition as well. The bride went to the palace accompanied by Pekmezci Anne. She did not want her to leave her side for a single moment; but just as the groom was about to arrive, Pekmezci Anne suddenly vanished. When the Prince entered the bridal chamber, he found Akçiçek weeping. He asked her why she was crying.

The girl: “My Prince, have pity on me! I’ve grown so used to Pekmezci Anne; now she’s left me, she’s run away. How can I live without her?”

The Prince: “My love, from now on you will always live with her; for the ‘Pekmezci Anne’ you thought she was is actually a prince in women’s clothing. That prince had to disguise himself in that guise just to be able to see you. And that prince is the husband standing before you now. Look, I’m wrapping a headscarf around my head; now, let’s see who I am.”

Girl: “Ah, you’re Pekmezci Anne! Now I understand everything. Take off your headscarf. You’ll be my husband, and we’ll live together, won’t we?”

SIR SNAKE AND SIR PELTAN

A sultan had no children at all. One morning after dawn prayer, he implored Allah: “O Allah, grant me a child! I would be content even if the sultan’s consort were to give birth to a snake!” Not long after this prayer, the sultan’s consort became pregnant. Nine months later, the sultan’s wife went into labour, but whichever midwife was brought to the palace would fall to the ground and die the moment she touched the sultan’s wife. All the midwives were meeting their end in this way. Those who remained had gone into hiding out of fear of death. They could no longer find a single midwife in the city.

The palace officials summoned the local imam and demanded that he find and send a midwife at all costs. If he failed, he would be beheaded! The imam rushed home in a panic and explained the situation to his wife. The imam’s wife did not like her stepdaughter at all. All she wanted was to get rid of this poor girl’s delicate body. Upon hearing the news her husband had brought, she rejoiced inwardly and said, ‘My dear husband, don’t worry at all! I’ll find a midwife today and take her to the palace.’ The innocent imam, having offered blessings for his wife, left the house with a peaceful heart. The imam’s wife called her stepdaughter: “My dear Ayşe, be ready in two hours; I’m taking you to the sultan’s palace. ‘Today you’ll see beautiful things you’ve never seen in your life,’ she said, and went to the home of a friend who lived some distance away to borrow a sheet. Ayşe was a clever girl. By then, she had realised what going to the palace meant.

Whispers of what was happening inside the palace had spread to the neighbouring districts. Ayşe sensed that her stepmother was taking her to her death; her face turned ashen and her heart began to race. What could she do to escape this dreadful fate? Immediately, a glimmer of hope came to her mind: to go to her mother’s grave! Whenever she found herself in trouble, she would go to her mother’s grave. She would pour out all her troubles to her mother, weep and weep, and wait. As her mother was a saintly woman, she would speak from beneath the earth to comfort her daughter. Many times, she had saved her from the dangers her stepmother had set in store for her.

Today, too, Ayşe went to her mother’s side, rested her head against the gravestone, and began to weep silently. A loving voice from beneath the earth asked: “My daughter, why are you weeping again?” Ayşe sat up; upon hearing her mother’s loving voice, she suddenly broke down and, sobbing uncontrollably, said: “My stepmother wants to kill me once and for all this time. She’s going to take me to the palace; all the

have all fallen to the ground and died. If I don't cry, who will?" The voice from beneath the earth replied: "My dear daughter, as long as I am here, they cannot harm you. Do not be afraid to go to the palace. The child in the Grand Sultana's womb is not a human baby, but a snake. As soon as you arrive, ask for a cauldron full of milk. When the snake sees the milk, it will crawl into the cauldron to drink it. Having filled its belly, it will no longer be able to bite you. They will give you a great deal of gold for saving the Grand Sultana."

When Ayşe heard these words, she returned home joyfully. She changed her clothes and waited for her stepmother. When her stepmother saw that Ayşe was ready, she took her to the palace and, saying, 'Here is a midwife!', led her into the Lady Sultan's chamber. She did not wish to stay there herself, so she returned home.

Ayşe had a cauldron of milk brought in. When the snake saw the milk, it slithered into the cauldron. Ayşe closed the lid of the cauldron and announced the good news that the Grand Sultan had given birth to a son. The Sultan rushed over, eager to see his son. Ayşe described exactly what sort of son he was. She explained that he must be taken to a separate room along with the cauldron, otherwise he might bite and poison the Grand Sultan's wife as well.

The Sultan had a separate room prepared for the snake, ' '; he had a bed made there. They took the snake to the new room. They began to feed it, giving it a pot of milk morning and evening.

Ayşe returned home with a great deal of gold, including the midwife's fee [16]. Her stepmother was so overcome with jealousy that she did not know what to do.

A few weeks later, the sultan saw that his son had grown up. He hired a tutor to teach him to read and write. This tutor died that very same day. After that, every tutor they hired also died, one by one. Finally, unable to find another tutor, they asked the local imam to provide one. He told his wife about the situation. His wife said, 'Don't worry, I'll send a tutor to the palace today.' She instructed Ayşe to get ready within two hours.

Ayşe went to her mother's grave once more. Her mother said, 'My daughter, Yılan Bey will not harm you; do not be afraid to teach him!' Upon hearing these words, Ayşe went to the palace with her stepmother without fear and began to teach Yılan Bey. Within three months, Yılan Bey had learnt everything. Ayşe realised that the lesson was over

announced . Great favours[17] , he . His mother began to seethe with jealousy.

A short while later, the sultan attempted to marry off his son; but whichever girl they brought into Yılan Bey's room as a bride, her lifeless body was carried out the following morning. After many girls had met this ill-fated fate, they could no longer find a new bride for Yılan Bey. The palace folk turned to the local imam this time. The imam told his wife about the matter. His wife said, 'Don't worry; I'll take a bride-to-be to the palace today.' She told Ayşe to get ready once more. Thinking there was no escape from death this time, Ayşe went to her mother, weeping.

Her mother said, 'My daughter, don't cry! Mr Snake has forty layers of shirts. You, too, must wear forty layers of clothing. As he takes off one shirt, you must take off one of yours. Once he has taken off thirty-nine of his shirts, he will no longer be able to bite like a snake. After he has taken off the fortieth shirt, he will become a most handsome prince, and you will never tire of looking at his face."

When Ayşe heard these words, she hurried home. After putting on forty layers of shirts one on top of the other, she went to the palace with her stepmother. That very night, they were married and she became the bride. Mr Snake asked the bride to undress. The bride explained that the groom must undress first. The groom took off his first shirt; the bride also removed her first garment. This process of undressing continued right up to the fortieth shirt. After Yılan Bey had taken off his fortieth shirt, he emerged as a prince of unrivalled beauty. Ayşe Sultan fell head over heels in love with this prince, the most beautiful man in the world.

Early the next morning, those who came to the prince's chambers to remove Ayşe's body were astonished to hear the bride sleeping soundly. The stepmother, in particular, was driven to the brink of madness by her jealousy.

As time went by, a war broke out with a neighbouring state. The Sultan, claiming that he was too old, handed over the command of the army to Yılan Bey. Yılan Bey went off to war, bidding his beloved wife a 'farewell'.

The stepmother saw that the time had come to do Ayşe harm.

One day, Ayşe Sultan invited the poor girl to her wedding. Ayşe Sultan, who loved the poor very much young woman's touched a nerve , she tricked her. All the diamonds

and took them to her own home. That night, they left the house together. They were heading towards the countryside. Ayşe said they were on the wrong path, that they had veered off towards the countryside. Her stepmother continued to stall her, saying, 'The wedding is in a nearby village.' Eventually, they came to the banks of a river. Her stepmother said to her, 'Take off your clothes and get into the water so I can wash you.' Ayşe was beside herself with longing for her husband; without thinking, she did everything her stepmother asked. She took off her diamonds and pearls, undressed, and stepped into the water. Her stepmother kicked her, sending her into the deep end of the water. She took the diamonds and Ayşe's clothes and fled from there.

Ayşe knew a little how to swim, having learnt whilst her mother was still alive. Struggling, she saved herself from the raging waters and made her way to the riverbank. She searched for her clothes and her diamonds, but when she could find neither, she realised the trap her stepmother had set. Being completely naked, she could not show herself in broad daylight. Where would she find shelter in that state? Spotting the stones of a cemetery opposite, she made her way there. She wanted to sit down beside a grave; but a faintness came over her heart, and she collapsed to the ground as if lifeless. Whilst she lay there unconscious, a lid opened on the grave beside her; a young prince emerged and took the poor Ayşe into his arms. He led her into the grave. The interior of the grave was as spacious as a mausoleum. There, five or six children were studying their lessons, with books, paper and pens in their hands.

The prince said to them, 'I have brought a companion for myself and a mother for you.' The children looked at this mother with joy and said, 'What a beautiful mother!' Ayşe Sultan remained unconscious inside that tomb for four months. The prince fed her by letting milk flow from a teat into her mouth. One day, she opened her eyes and looked around. She saw the prince and the children standing before her: 'Who are you? Where is this place?' she asked. The prince replied, 'I am a prince of human descent, just like you. My name is Peltan Bey. The fairy sultan cast a spell on me and imprisoned me inside this mausoleum so that I could teach his children. My sole task here is to teach the children you see before you."

Ayşe Sultan began to wander around to look at every part of the mausoleum; but at that moment, she felt as though a small body were stirring inside her womb; she realised she was pregnant. Her heart began to ache. As it had been a long time since she had parted from Yılan Bey, this pregnancy could not be a gift from him. So where could it have come from? Just then, did the children studying not say, 'Dear mother! We are so delighted that our lord and master has brought us such a lovely mother'? It was then that Ayşe Sultan realised what a terrible fate had befallen her. As she was naked

, she could not show her face to the world. Nor was it right to remain in the realm of the dead with a stranger. But how long had she been in this secret abode? When she asked Peltan Bey, he replied, ‘For four months…’ At that moment, she had no doubt whatsoever that she had conceived by Peltan Bey.

Peltan Bey sensed what Ayşe was thinking. Approaching her, he said, “God, by uniting us naked in a grave, has wedded us to one another. Now we can perform our own marriage ceremony. I wish for us to be each other’s companions in this world and the hereafter.” Upon hearing these words, Ayşe Sultan began to tremble. Lowering her eyes, she said, “But what if I am a married woman? How can this second marriage be valid?”

Mr Peltan: “Oh dear, I hadn’t thought of that at all. But who knows, perhaps your former husband is no longer alive…”

Ayşe Sultan: “What if he is still alive?”

Mr Peltan: “If he were alive, he would have sought you out and found you by now.”

Ayşe Sultan: “I think so too. If Yılan Bey were still alive, he could have sensed I was here using his magical powers.”

A few months passed. Ayşe’s time to give birth was drawing near. From the fabrics brought by the fairies, Ayşe Sultan had sewn herself a simple dress. One day, Mr Peltan said: “Go down to the surface and travel to the capital of our country; stay as a guest at my father’s palace. Tell him that I am being held captive here. When you give birth, gather the people and have them light a great fire. Have them throw our child’s shirt into this fire, saying, ‘I am burning my grandchild!’ When they see this, the two fairies who are my enemies will throw themselves into the fire and burn. Only then will the spells binding me be broken. Once freed from the spells, I shall be free and come to you.”

Ayşe Sultan emerged onto the earth. She travelled far and wide, and one day reached the palace of that land. She managed to gain admission there as a guest. One day, she gave birth to a baby boy there. They named him Aydın. That night, a blue bird flew to the window of the room where she was lying and began to sing:

If my father knew, he’d
realise that this Aydın is
half of my soul;
If my mother knew, this woman

Is her son's wife; They
would have given you my
place in my room;
Go to my mother and
father, and tell them this
secret now!

A black wet nurse, who was sleeping in the room, heard the blue bird's words. When morning came, she reported that the blue bird had come into the room and spoken the above words to the guest lady. The following night, the Valide Sultan came into the room. She heard that the blue bird had come and spoken these words. She, too, raised the matter with the Sultan the next morning. The Sultan waited until that very night; he too saw the bird with his own eyes and heard its words; they realised that the guest lady was his own daughter-in-law and also the granddaughter of Aydın. They welcomed his daughter-in-law with kind words and took her to Peltan Bey's room; they also gave her her child to keep by her side.

Ayşe Sultan relayed Peltan Bey's words to the sultan. The sultan gathered the people; he had a great fire lit; 'I shall cast my grandchild into this fire!' he proclaimed. They threw the child's shirt into the fire, mistaking it for the child. Upon this, all the wolves, birds and deer, overcome with grief, shed their fur and went into mourning. Seeing that they themselves had caused this disaster, the two fairies—who were Peltan Bey's enemies—came in the form of two white doves and threw themselves into the fire. As they burned, Peltan Bey's spell was broken; he emerged from the grave and went to his father's palace. He was reunited with his wife and child. They began to live a happy life. Ayşe Sultan gave birth to two daughters by this husband.

Now let us turn to Mr Yılan; after defeating his enemies in battle, Mr Yılan returned to the palace but could not find his beloved wife; he was deeply saddened. He immediately put an iron sandal on his foot and took an iron staff in his hand; for seven years, he left no land unvisited, no country unexplored. Eventually, his path led him to Mr Peltan's palace. He happened to be a guest of Peltan Bey. When Yılan Bey and Peltan Bey saw one another, they were overjoyed. Peltan Bey brought his children and showed them to his guest. Yılan Bey said, 'If I were to see these children's mother, would there be any harm in that? As you know, for seven years now I have been searching for someone with these iron clogs and this iron staff.'

Peltan Bey called Ayşe Sultan into the room where his guest was staying. When these two lovers saw one another, they both fainted. Peltan Bey revived them by splashing water on their faces; he said to Yılan Bey: "I am ready to give your beloved to you

. May you two be happy, even if my life is spent in the depths of hell."

Mr Yılan replied: "Such self-sacrifice on your part will not achieve our aim. Our shared desire is for Ayşe Sultan to be happy. She must live with whichever of us makes her happy. Now let us all three go to the bathhouse; let us place a bowl of water in her hand. Whose feet she pours the water over will reveal whom she chooses."

Peltan Bey's sole wish was also for his beloved to be happy. Recognising the wisdom of the idea, he agreed to what had been proposed. The three of them went together to the palace bathhouse. The children, sensing that their own happiness was at stake, refused to leave their side. Peltan Bey placed a bowl filled with water into Ayşe Sultan's hand. Ayşe Sultan's complexion had turned as white as ash. The two young princes' faces had also gone pale, and their hearts were beating rapidly. Ayşe Sultan looked at Yılan Bey with longing eyes. Then she turned and gazed tenderly at her children. It was clear that two intense loves were clashing within her soul: her love for her beloved, Yılan Bey, and her love for her children, each striving to overcome the other. Ayşe Sultan made her decision in a moment that felt as long as centuries; she stepped towards the two princes, and these words poured from her lips: 'My fair fortune, my golden throne, Yılan Bey! My helpless one, the father of my children, Peltan Bey!'

After uttering these words, Ayşe Sultan poured the water from the bowl onto Peltan Bey's foot. The heroic woman had sacrificed her love for the sake of her children's happiness.

Yılan Bey bent over in grief, writhed in agony, and transformed back into a serpent. Gazing longingly at Ayşe Sultan, he slipped into a hole in the bathhouse and vanished. Ayşe Sultan, too, returned to her chamber, weeping, overcome by the pain of her great sacrifice—sacrificing her love for the sake of her children.

Every morning, there, kneeling facing the qibla, she would spend hours imploring Allah to bring happiness to Yılan Bey in some other way.

[1] A magazine published in Thessaloniki between 1911 and 1912, comprising 27 issues over a period of fifteen days. Its contributors included Nesîmî Sarım, Ömer Seyfeddin, Ziya Gökalp, Ali Cânib and Tunalı Hilmi.

[2] New edition: Ziya Gökalp, *Becoming Turkish, Becoming Islamic, Becoming Modern*, Edited by Kemal Bek, Bordo Siyah Turkish Classics, 2004.

[3] New edition: Ziya Gökalp, *The Principles of Turkism*, ed. Kemal Bek, Bordo Siyah Turkish Classics, 2003.

[4] See Ziya Gökalp, *The Principles of Turkism*, ed. Kemal Bek, Bordo Siyah Turkish Classics, 2003, pp. 155–184.

[1] A type of folk poetry. It generally deals with themes of love and emotion; it is recited using the rhyme scheme aaab cccb dddb and syllabic metre.

[2] A hard type of marble with red and green veins.

[3] A type of sweet.

[4] The angels of Hell.

[5] An adjective meaning ‘supreme’, used when addressing the sultan.

[6] A gathering place for members of a religious order.

[7] They were reunited.

[8] Officials appointed by the state.

[9] A type of open-fronted, sleeveless upper garment.

[10] Head steward.

[11] The text uses the expression ‘as if lulled into a magnetic sleep’.

[12] A Christian clergyman; a priest.

[13] The text uses the word ‘gaaibden’.

[14] An artist who creates colourful paintings and decorations.

[15] The son who is to succeed the sultan to the throne.

[16] Remuneration.

[17] Donation, act of kindness, reward.

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